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MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL LIFE.

BY DAVID BISPHAM.

NOTWITHSTANDING Shakespeare's famous dictum, the absence of the musical faculty in individuals is no more an indication of vice than its possession is a *sine qua non* of personal virtue. "The man who hath no music in himself is not, of hard necessity, "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." On the contrary, quite as likely is he, as though he were never so musically endowed, to be the most benign of his sex, abhorring the traitor and the despoiler with all the might of his untuneful soul, yet never missing, because he never knew, the effect of "a concourse of sweet sounds." The veriest scoundrel may be an admirable musician, or the noblest philanthropist tone-deaf. Yet, in some other direction, the efforts of the latter toward the amelioration of the lot of down-trodden humanity—if such a term be not wellnigh out of date nowadays in this country—are surely none the less useful for that music comes neither within his scope nor his ken. Carlyle's estimate of it as "a disagreeable noise" is well known; that most versatile writer and delightful man, Grant Allen, though keenly appreciating the inflections of the speaking voice, was quite oblivious to song, and could distinguish between the best-known airs only through obvious differences of rhythm; while the late Ulysses S. Grant once said in the hearing of the writer, "My dear sir, sing whatever pleases you best; I don't know one tune from another." Such cases, however, are fortunately not so numerous among us as to occasion any fear for the future of music in America. Though there must exist a diversity of taste in regard to mental relaxation, the love if not the practice of music may, among the broad ranks of the indifferent, be very greatly cultivated to the ennobling of character, not only of individuals but of whole communities. But, taking no further

account of those congenitally incapable of receiving pleasurable sensations from music, what would the world become were it suddenly bereft of this saving grace from a sphere of life but dimly comprehended as yet, even by the elect? And how may not the world be benefited by the scientific application of those subtle laws and influences which so strangely, yet so profoundly and universally, affect mankind?

The power of ordered sounds is as inexplicable as that of intense thought, and none the less real; for in it only is there found a means of expression for the ideas of those who are unable to give vent to their emotions in any of the languages of nature save in music alone; while, through its careful administration, the highest benefits are to be obtained, not only for the pleasure and enlightenment of the many and the education of the enthusiastic, but for the actual alleviation of some of the most dreadful sufferings of mankind, nervous and mental illness being now, and often successfully, treated by music.

The common question among young people, "If you had to be blind or deaf, which would you choose?" clearly indicates the estimation in which this pair of our five senses, sight and hearing, is held; and, while the loss of the former is more universally dreaded and pitied, the influence of beautiful sound on the mind and body, through the microscopic caverns of the ear, is so marvellous that attention is being drawn by scientists to the effects to be produced by music, and to the service it may be made to render, not only to the body personal, but to the body politic. For it is, indeed, in its loftiest manifestation, not only a medicine, but a language as universal as truth, of which even mathematically it is a supreme manifestation, and is to be understood by men of every nation under heaven, who well may be amazed and marvel when they know its potency. Commentators have differed in their ideas of what "the gift of tongues" was; but it is a significant thought that the Apostles, on that early morning of the Day of Pentecost, may have been moved to pour forth their ecstasy of love in sacred concord, as the Spirit gave them utterance, and to express the theme of their Master in harmonies so simple yet so grand, so old yet so new, that by the very beauty of their thought, by the rapt expression of their countenances and by the concentrated uplifting of their voices in prophetic strain, their auditors, who at the sound came together in

multitudes, must have felt, each one, that his innermost soul had been appealed to and touched in an indelible manner by that mysterious psalm which expressed the essence of the higher life, and that he had heard, "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born," the holy strain of the song of beauty which had already come to help the world. He that hath ears to hear, let him heed it; for it is one of the mightiest agencies for good that ever came the way of indifferent humanity.

Nowhere in the world, since the inception of Christendom, when civilization in its ceaseless swing about the globe was at one of its flood tides, has such a gathering of possibilities taken place as upon the shores of this land,—so astounding in its achievements, so bewildering in its probabilities. Each emigrant has had—or he never would have reached us—courage if not wealth, Pluck with Poverty, and the precious Perhaps in the pocket; and in the joy of a wider life he sang—even the slave in his chains sang louder than the rest—in the natural recreative outpouring that simple music can give the simple mind in the sound body. When we consider upon how many Old World nations, the height of whose culture is an earnest of their musical advancement, we have drawn for our population, and, further, when we reflect that the character even of the peasants of nearly every one of these lands is, from some remote source, beyond a doubt more prolific of tune than that of the average Anglo-Saxon, what wonder that the sowing of a few of Fafner's dragon-teeth should bring up bands of ready-equipped musicians and armies of listeners who would dance to their piping or march to their trumpeting, to the death if need be, but more readily, and more likely as time goes on, to the peaceful and infinitely ampler state of existence to which, to a degree as yet unimagined, the world shall attain, largely through the direct influence of music.

The most cursory glance at the materials used, up to the present, in the erection of our edifice will show that, like the bricks of some colonial house, most of them have been imported from across the sea, and that until very recently but little of note has been of native growth and that nothing was indigenous to the soil save a few Indian chants, war-songs and lullabies, which are at last being transcribed and rescued from total extinction.

The first sounds of the music of civilization to greet the savage ear were no doubt the hymns of Mother Church; but saturated

as this country has since been by her powerful influence through the influx of millions from Catholic countries,—Spain, Italy, France, Ireland,—it has been the individual who sang because he was a man first and foremost, and gave expression to his natural tendencies in the familiar strains of his own land, heedless of religious beliefs, who was the moving spirit in our musical growth. Art has nothing to do with Creed, and the Church of Rome, at least, has done nothing to foster music in our midst in an intelligent manner. Her ministrations to the present time have been of as little value in this respect as was the great canvas of Titian, buried in a forgotten church in the heart of Mexico, to the development of painting in America. Her ability to assist is, however, so enormous that—to wipe out the remembrance of the usual performance of the Drinking Song from “*Traviata*,” or some equally inappropriate selection, at the Elevation of the Host—would that some enthusiast were moved to confer a lasting benefit upon his church and the public, by devoting a large fund to the collection and publication in America of the greatest masses and of other sacred music that has been used by the Catholic Church from the times of Palestrina, paying particular attention, as is now being done in England, to the resuscitation of the superb works of Tallis, Byrd and others of that school. The same should be done for the Greek and Russian Churches. That the Jews have let any beauty slip from their ritual is not to be believed; and the influence of that marvellous race is one of the most powerful in our musical life to-day.

It may with reason be urged that, for a long time, Protestantism was of but small musical value to the growing land. The Puritan with his mournful psalms, and the Quaker with none, were, verily, of no assistance at all; and if subsequently the Church of England set us a high standard, and the music of our own Episcopal Church is of artistic value, it is to the animus of the people rather than to any sect that we must look for the ultimate development of our possibilities.

The voice of the guitar, and the languor and lilt of the “*Paloma*” and “*Habanera*,” say about all that is to be said as yet for Spain, but who can divine what may in time be the result of the closer mingling of our races? In her blood is the old Latin power; and the effects of the same sun that shines on Italy and on our own Southern shores will surely be felt. To Italy we

owe an enormous debt of gratitude for having sent her choicest minstrels to rejoice our hearts with their song; while the operas they interpreted were for a long time, and still are by many, accepted as the ultimate expression of dramatic music. Certain it is that a distinct school at its height was handed over to us, ready made. This was not altogether so in the case of England, which, as we shall presently learn from Mr. Dolmetsch and his old instruments, was, three centuries ago, the most musical country of Europe; for when we began to receive what she had to give, her former art was all but forgotten and her ablest men were foreigners. To revive the masterpieces of the old English School and transplant them here is a noble task for the efforts of an enthusiast, who may render a like service to the sadly neglected gems of the Madrigal Schools of Holland and Italy. France, though possessing an individuality as great as that of any other country, has, with the exception of Gounod and Bizet, not yet produced composers of sufficient force or form to go to the ends of the earth with especial effect. Yet we, of all people, receive with eagerness that of greatest worth in the works of her composers, which are not only rendered here to the best advantage but assimilated to the fullest extent. The Hibernian Celt across the bit of sea has, in the airs of his Emerald Isle, much of the national spirit of the Gaul. No troubadour ever sang melodies of as great beauty as those of his ancient race, relics of a time when the highest art and poetry flourished in Ireland; may it be that the spirit of those days shall at length alight upon us, through the innumerable progeny of their descendants that fill our country! As the music of Russia, Norway and Hungary is finding willing ears among us, it cannot be but that the people of these extraordinary and diverse races within our gates shall ultimately and with great power give expression to the harmonious elemental forces yet lying dormant within them. Account, too, must be taken ere long of the effect that Japan may have upon us; for, while we may think her music barbarous and strange, there must be great beauty in it, from the very fact that it is so assiduously cultivated by the most artistic nation upon earth. The negro is ever with us, and by virtue of his wonderful natural ability is certain to be a powerful factor in the life of music in the United States.

To the master minds of Germany, however, the world is in-

debted for the highest and best in musical art; and we owe unbounded gratitude to her people for their zeal in making it known and beloved by us, and for educating us in the best direction. Bach, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wagner, and scores of others—what a stupendous galaxy! Let it not be forgotten that they, with all the best of whatsoever nation, belong to us and are part of our inheritance, and withal the part most potent in the development of the best that is in each section of the heterogeneous mass, as each recognizes and takes pride in the great names of its race. We are made up of many, it is true, and their distinctive qualities cannot soon become obliterated; but we speak a uniform language; and, though Music has dialects, yet she is one of the great family of Arts, as races are of the human family, and from out the unfathomed spaces of nature she speaks to man in the miraculous universal tongue, through an intimate acquaintance with which he may be raised from the ranks of materialism and made acquainted with the higher spheres of life. Though all may not attain, to all it is permitted to make an honest endeavor, and whoever does so has at least done that much for a noble cause, which at no distant time will be fraught with universal meaning.

The Anglo-Saxon has a good pair of lungs, which he enjoys using when, in company with others employed in a like manner, his self-consciousness is overcome; and, though the early settler of New England knew, perhaps, but little of the wealth of folk-songs that were his heritage, and naught of the store of Chamber Music that was still the joy of his more festive brethren at home, yet, obeying a natural impulse, he lifted up his voice in the austere congregation and, later, in the pious orgies of the revival meeting, until, by-and-by, the works of the great composers of Oratorio giving scope for glorified psalm-singing, he readily seized the opportunity, and in 1815 the famous Handel and Hadyn Society of Boston sprang into existence, a model for many another similar organization throughout the country. All that seems to be needed in music is example, and women in goodly numbers, and men after them, as they are aroused to the call and find leisure, will follow it. The membership of these bodies is recruited largely from the vast numbers of singers in the choirs of churches scattered all over the land; while choruses of male voices, especially among the German element of the popula-

tion, and Glee and Madrigal Clubs abound in every city. From the humble beginnings of the village brass band have grown, more by accretion than by education, it is true, the great orchestras of to-day, and these splendid bodies of instrumentalists, mainly foreign by birth or immediate origin, are, under the guidance of able conductors, doing glorious work in educating the public taste to a point undreamed of by such heroic pioneers as Theodore Thomas, happily still with us and in possession of all his old-time enthusiasm, and the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch. While laboring among and upon a mixed population whose first object was to live before it spent anything on more than mere idle amusement of the most obvious kind, these men must at first have been sadly discouraged by the actual indifference of the public of a generation ago, but immensely gratified, on the other hand, at the evidence of an awakening sense, apparent here and there, which has ultimately borne fruit beyond their fondest dreams.

Through perseverance, however, and the assistance of the individual artist whose drawing powers were undoubted, has the public been at last induced to come in and partake of the feast awaiting it. Music in the abstract appeals as yet to but a few, and the soloist is still, as he has ever been, and probably will continue to be, an absolute necessity to the greater public, under other than the more intimate conditions prescribed by the enjoyment of certain kinds of musical fare which clearly forbids the introduction of any element of an inappropriate character.

With the advent of Jenny Lind, of whose phenomenal success and exquisite voice the world has not yet ceased to talk, began a long procession of artists of all sorts, vocal and instrumental; indeed, some had come before her who did much to foster a love for grand opera, which without them could not have existed; and, although Italy was then considered the only "land of song," its prestige has of late been shared by other nations, Germany in particular having done more to send us models of earnestness and high dramatic power than any other. That the true musician works hard is no credit to him; he cannot help it; his enthusiasm and love impel him, why, he knows not, to rush into the element which he feels to be his own; and if his labors have resulted in a bettering of public taste, they are worth tenfold what has been expended out of the general purse. The willingness of the people to make sacrifices in order to hear what it knows to be good, is an

undoubted indication of its desire to be raised beyond its present level; the general impatience of what is mediocre in art clearly shows how extraordinary has been the growth of the sense of the beautiful, and the demand for the best only is already imperative, even though it be a diet of nightingales' tongues.

If an interest in music of the instrumental order has been longer in being aroused, it is partly because that class of music is less personal; and again, because—as Tennyson says, “things seen are mightier than things heard”—the average listener will, by reason of the varied background of light and color, scenery and costume, consider opera to be more attractive than the orchestral concert. To another class of listener, in the words of one who should know, “Oratorio is only opera spoilt;” and while a symphony, as compared to the less complex music for solo instruments, is to many such a mass of moving melodies as to be unintelligible and bewildering, yet it is to others, equally ignorant, so enthralling that the heights of celestial beauty seem to have been reached in the polyphonies of the modern orchestra. Surely such an one, in his inmost heart, must have been the unsophisticated Scot, who alleged that his ecstatic expression of countenance was the result of a vision of Heaven the night before. “Eh, mon, I dreemit that there was seeven and thirty pipers, a’ playin’ deeferent tunes at the same time; eh, it was just Heeven!”

Come to us, Sandy, we will gladly give you a home; for your enthusiasm is the best thing a growing and artistic nation can have. We want all of your kind we can import.

And so the mass has been worked over and over, the native American educated, the result added to, and its value enhanced, by the influx of highly trained arrivals from foreign lands. Individual powers have been brought out and improved, the taste for choral and instrumental works fostered, the number of bodies performing them increasing rapidly and extending their influence by producing, more frequently than ever before, not only the great works of the past, but all that is best in contemporaneous musical literature, while to the desire to improve individual talent there seems to be no end. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all study music of some sort; even in the public schools it is obligatory in the elementary grades—to learn to sing being the chief object, and upon the line of least resist-

ance. Surely it will be a long time until "the voice of the turtle" is no longer heard in the land, and yet it is apparent that there is still an infinity to be done in the way of educating the masses to enjoy music rationally, and encouraging them to become familiar with those masterpieces of former times that have been neglected among us, but which are familiar to the music lover of Europe. This is bound to come, but how to bring it about has been something of a puzzle to those most willing and yet unable to do so, for a concert without an audience is practically useless, and the people prefer their favorites and are with difficulty induced to listen to the words of an unknown stranger. The latter must be introduced in the company of his compeers or betters, and properly set forth among them, or he may fail to be given the meed of praise which is his due. To succeed as a fine art, music must succeed as a financial undertaking; and to this notable end it were well if one or more of the increasing number of wealthy men in every community should maintain orchestras containing the best available talent.

Music is being made to render its priceless services to man—or, rather, should not the opposite be said, man induced to lend his serious attention to its voice, compelled, if need be, to come in and partake of the feast? Nature is ever ready to yield of her best ungrudgingly to those who seek her, and rich mines of information are standing all but open, obscured only by the dust of ages, and awaiting the explorer's unsealing hand, as does some Egyptian tomb, to give forth its store of beauty fresh as when it was laid away with the dead of a forgotten era. The enthusiast is the explorer; and in this land, although we have as yet nothing approaching an American School, such a school will surely come into existence, partly through knowledge of what exists, and partly on account of the extraordinary freshness and spirit which seem to characterize all that is accomplished in this country. Indeed Dvorák, in his American Symphony, spread the dusky melodies of Africa thick upon his pages, in the evident belief that the trend of our national music lay in that direction.

Whatever may be the ultimate nature of the Genius of American Music, the rhythms of nature will last as long as the foot of man treads the earth in march or dance, yet the instruments of his past are being superseded by others ampler far to convey the fuller meaning of his thoughts. The tom-tom and the banjo will

disappear; the war-dance and the rag-time tune will be merged into the sounds of the orchestra, as have the march and the jig, and will appear to us wrapped in the garb of civilization. No section in so broad a land is likely alone to dominate the whole fabric. True, some individual of prominent native force may set the seal of his personality upon the music of his time, and do his distinguished share in building the edifice of sound, as has the young British subject, Mr. Coleridge Taylor, whose case is so remarkable that mention must be made of it, with the declaration that, had it happened here, the insight of Dvorák would have been taken as a notable prophecy; and who shall say that the dream of the creative artist is not that? Nature bestows her gifts upon all sorts and conditions of men, and it will ever remain a mystery where her hand will fall. Some thirty years ago, a young negro was sent by a missionary from the heart of Africa to study medicine in London. While there he begat a son of one of the daughters of the North, and returned to the bosom of his people, carrying with him for the benefit of his race the healing art he had acquired, but leaving behind, in his offspring, a genius to rejoice thousands with the outpourings of his nature. When the boy was but a small child he was found playing the piano in so remarkable a manner that his education was undertaken by a rich bachelor, who now has the satisfaction of seeing his protégé a shining light. His works are being performed throughout the Continent, while his future is being watched with the greatest interest. But let it be noted and insisted upon that, had not the intelligent man of sufficient means been forth-coming, the whole of the young negro's latent possibilities might have remained forever undiscovered, and his distinctive personality as evinced in his works lost to the world. For, though the musician, like the poet, is "born, not made," he must possess even greater skill, and he must have larger special training in order to deliver his message in a manner that will be approved. He is the apostle of the beauty of sound, and his creations are rendered by others who come after him and disseminate the seed which will grow up to feed multitudes yet unborn.

Music has no country, but as this land is the home of all who choose to come and be merged into the latest development of civilization, so do we welcome all the Muses, led by Song, and cordially invite them to educate and uplift us. Born composers

are but few in number, but thousands take up their works and teach them, sing them and play them. Not to all is it given to be able to comprehend the higher flights of music; but the number is rapidly increasing with education, until it may fairly be said that America stands at the head of the nations in its appreciation of the Art to-day. Whatever may be the reason for this, true it is that we want only the best in science, architecture, literature, the decorative arts and music; and in music we are rapidly reaching a point when it will cease to be considered among amusements, or treated as such by the majority. A sense of what is right and fitting forbids frivolity; educated people in their serious moments have no time to spare for anything but the best of the different varieties put before their notice. Each to his taste; one may enjoy opera, another chamber music; one may care for oratorio, another for symphonies; one may delight in vocal, and another in instrumental music; but, grave or gay, lively or severe, we have no place for anything but the highest, we are impatient of the mediocre. A musical conscience is being developed that cannot endure a falsehood; the true music lover cannot lie about it; it is too sacred, too intimate a part of himself. Some are born with this sense highly developed, but in most it must be educated; and though our schools of music may not be yet as large, thorough or well known as those abroad, they are advancing by leaps and bounds and doing admirable service in enlarging the horizon of the amateur.

It is to the individual effort of the enthusiast that the public owes much of its enjoyment. What admirable work is being done by Frank Damrosch in The People's Choral Union, which teaches masterpieces of choral art to thousands of wage-earners, who are thus not only made to know and love their beauty, but are kept out of mischief and induced instead to associate themselves with thoughts infinitely above the cares of their none too interesting existence. The same pioneer, through the medium of The Symphony Concerts for Young People, is placing before children, young and old, the great works that all should know, while in the Oratorio Society he is keeping up the study and knowledge of the recognized works of that special repertoire, besides introducing the best among modern compositions; and in The Musical Art Society he is laboring with a body of picked and paid singers in the field of madrigals and the less known and

more intimate compositions intended to be rendered by a smaller body of voices for a class of amateurs whose interests and tastes are highly cultivated.

The name of Walter Damrosch is too well known to need more than passing mention, but as the Director of the Philharmonic Society, and through the other orchestral bodies which have come under his direction since his father bequeathed his baton to his keeping, he has been an educator of public taste; while to his zeal for Wagner, we owe a large part of our acquaintance with the works of that master, and the introduction of many of the most noted foreign singers of the day. To these two enthusiasts, who desire to do nothing else and could perform no greater service, the profound thanks of the community are due, for their influence has always been of the best and their work of the highest.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, founded and sustained by Henry L. Higginson, is probably the finest body of instrumentalists in existence. Directed by one of the most celebrated conductors of the time, it is a splendid example of what good may be done by the philanthropists in Music. Andrew Carnegie is doing the same in Pittsburg; and in other cities individuals, or a number of interested people of means combining together, are performing a like service. That the names of Gericke, Herbert, Van der Stücken, Mollenhauer, Scheel, and others, are constantly before the public is a guarantee that the best work is being performed by the bodies of players who obey their magic wands; but of all living men, Theodore Thomas it is to whose labor of love we owe most, for to him we have looked, more than to any other, for our induction into the mysteries and beauties of the enormous mass of instrumental literature, and for our education in the symphonic works of the great masters.

It cannot be said that America is yet a country of composers, but that she is rich in executive ability is undoubted, while the growth of societies for the study and cultivation of music among amateurs is too remarkable to be passed over without comment. These organizations number about one thousand, three-fourths of them having sprung into existence since 1890, their active membership aggregating a total of about 70,000—exclusive of the vast number of the choirs of churches of all denominations, of which there are in the Episcopal body alone over five hundred “vested” and choral bodies.

The existence of Ladies' Clubs in smaller cities throughout the country is a feature of musical life entirely new to the world; they have been called into existence for the purpose of bringing well-known artists, under agreeable conditions, to perform their best work in towns in which there may not be a profitable general public, but where, through this means of calling together and concentrating attention, a large concourse of truly interested music lovers is invariably gathered together with the best results to both auditors and performers. The influence of these societies for good in the dissemination of the highest forms of musical achievement is undoubted.

The example of the oldest musical festival association,— that held annually, since 1858, in Worcester, Massachusetts—has been followed by Cincinnati and other cities throughout the country, while much is being done to foster the knowledge of orchestral music in the open air in some such way as that so largely in vogue in Germany.

Since music must be known to be appreciated, and since its worth is so widely recognized and so generally embraced, the duty of all who have to do with it is manifest. Only the best must be taught. No person who professes to be one of its disciples, or to expound it, should hold any place in the public eye unless he be not only eminently fitted for his task, but willing and able to uphold the highest standard. Everything should be done to cultivate real ability wherever found, and discouragement should be unsparingly meted out to the majority of would-be professionals; for a public career is much too responsible and difficult an undertaking to be lightly or inconsiderately adopted. This warning is to be heeded particularly by aspirants for vocal honors; and that their training should be as long and careful as that required by instrumentalists cannot be too earnestly insisted upon.

There never was a time when the interest in everything pertaining to the art was so general; and the amount of high-class criticism is an index and an undoubted reflex of the public mind. A valuable contribution to literature of this sort, by the *doyen* of critics, is Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel's book "How to Listen to Music," which should be read by all who desire to derive really intelligent enjoyment from the art.

Nowhere more than in America is the disappearance of old-fashioned prejudices so distinctly marked, and the necessities and

freedom of modern life have so widened the boundaries of what has been hitherto considered right for young men and women of birth and education, that the result of the adoption of music as one of the learned professions by thousands of these is having upon the public an effect which it is impossible to estimate. Still, there is an untrodden field for some benefactor yet to come, in founding what might be called The University of Music, which, having affiliations with all schools previously existing among us, could extend its influence throughout the country, by discovering, fostering and importing the best talent, and publishing and supplying the best music of all schools to the public; by opening circulating libraries where all the compositions of noted composers of all times might be obtained; and by superintending, if not actually carrying on, the general instruction, not only of individuals, but of the masses. Such an institution, in order to make its work known and universally felt, would maintain a staff of singers and instrumentalists who might tour the country, or whose services could be obtained to perform at concerts and recitals the music of various kinds and countries, making it known historically before the countless audiences which would be only too glad to receive such enlightenment. From the Gregorian chant to the compositions of Palestrina, and the masses of Beethoven; from the lays of Troubadours and Minnesingers to the art songs of Germany; from the operas of Handel to those of Wagner, every phase of vocal art would be traversed. From the lyre to the harpsichord and the piano, from the viol to the string quartette, from "the instrument of ten strings" to the modern orchestra, the growth of music would be clearly demonstrated, its permanence as one of the most lofty, though most evanescent, of the liberal arts would be assured, the influence of the charlatan would be kept within bounds, and even the least attentive class of the population, unconsciously to themselves, attracted, cultivated, raised from the sordid affairs of the moment, soothed, cheered, ennobled, and inspired with fresh courage to face the problem of life.

To the mind awake to music in a land like ours its permanent value as a profound factor in Social Science cannot long remain hidden; for it is a civilizing influence of the most potent character.

DAVID BISPHAM.